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A VISIT TO THE GREAT MOSQUE OF MAHOMET ALI.

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A FEW days ago, in company with a young lady of the mission, I visited the great mosque of Mahomet Ali, the mosque where the Khedive worships. Mahomet Ali was the founder of the present dynasty of Egypt. He was not born to a throne, but was simply colonel of a thousand men at the time (1803) when the French consul found it necessary to select some one to counteract the influence of the English and the Mamelukes. Mahomet Ali was found to be the most suitable person.

This man, though uneducated and illiterate, was strikingly successful in everything he undertook. He frustrated the attempt of the English to take possession of Egypt, and exterminated forever those haughty military rulers, the Mamelukes. As Pasha of Egypt he improved agriculture by the introduction of the cotton-plant; he restored canals and embankments; appointed Europeans to various public offices, and sent young Egyptians to Paris to be educated. [Ebers speaks of him as a great man—great alike in good and evil—the most highly lauded and most terribly vilified of all the princes of Egypt.] There is an imposing statue of this great man in the public square at Alexandria, and an object of great interest is his tomb in the mosque which bears his name.

The great Mohammedan temple was built by the Greek architect, Yusuf Bashna, of Constantinople. It is often called "the alabaster mosque," on account of the ample use made of this material, However, though the carving is most magnificent, for this stone takes on a high degree of polish, the lovely yellow cast is dimmed by exposure to the sun. Also the stone, being very brittle, is full of holes caused by the wind throwing gravel, etc., against its surface.

On entrance we take off our shoes and proceed in our stocking feet; for we are now on holy ground, ground as holy as that on which Moses stood. In the center of the anterior court is a tank where the devotees perform their ablutions. There are little alabaster seats surrounding the tank, or rather the rotunda, where, by turning a faucet, the faithful worshipper may purify himself before approaching "Allah." The interior consists of a quadrangle with Byzantine domes resting on four square pillars. As we look upward, the beautiful fresco work and stained glass, and the numer-

ous and magnificent chandeliers, carry us for a moment into some of the great temples of Christendom. Even the *minbar* and *kursi* do not lack resemblance to some of the pulpits from which we have heard Christ preached.

But before us is the *kiblch*, and under and about us are immense rugs of great price, which remind us at once of the customs of Mohammedan worshippers, and we realize that we are indeed in one of those temples dedicated to the living God and yet not to the true God. My thoughts roll back to the life of Mahomet, "the Apostle of God," the master mind of the age in which he lived. I see him young, honest, faithful, tender, affectionate, full of integrity, *an earnest seeker for the truth*. The dumb idols of the Arab tribe cannot satisfy his thirsting soul. He seeks instruction from the Jew, the Christian. The former having rejected the Saviour, cannot receive the Spirit, and is therefore in no way fitted to bring souls to the heavenly harvest; the latter having driven away the Spirit of truth, Christianity has sunken to its ebb; its flow is yet to rise, but already the sensitive mind of Mahomet has detected falsehood mingled with the truth, and like a dove that can find no steady place for her foot, flutters hither and thither, and at last rests upon the hallucinations of the evil one.

As I leave this mosque, come with me, O Christian, and gaze from this citadel height over this vast metropolis and behold the myriad minarets pointing upward to the Mohammedan's God! Are you not responsible for this awful departure from the truth? Then toil ye, and be constant in prayer that these lost ones may be brought back to know Christianity as it should be known.

Already the sway of Mohammedanism is becoming enfeebled by its own activity. As I wander over these extensive grounds, I see yonder palace, where dwelt the mighty Pasha, crumbling to the ground, and from yonder harem walls, which once concealed the choicest charms of Eastern beauty, the English soldier peers. Oh, tried and faithful missionary, there are forces at work other than this that shall carry freedom to the enslaved, that shall bring light out of darkness, that shall sow the seeds of salvation in all the world.

PREPARING THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

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Read before the W. M. S. of Des Moines Presbytery at Monroe, Ia.

IN these days of railroads, trolleys, motors, and rapid transit, we are in danger of losing the beauty and force of the figure used in the topic assigned me. But history has preserved many records of the ancient custom to which the inspired penman refers.

Seven hundred years before Christ, Isaiah wrote the words: "Prepare ye the way," and the men of that time knew what that call meant. It told them that a King was coming and, in order that his train be not delayed, they must respond to the herald's call and have a road made over which he could safely travel; and even while Isaiah wrote, God was laying the foundation of the nation, destined literally to be the road-builders of the world, over whose magnificent highways Paul was to travel seven centuries later. Before Roman supremacy, roads were generally left where chance or custom led, but the Romans sent out their highways in

straight lines from the capitol, overcoming all natural difficulties as they went, filling in hollows and marshes, bridging streams and valleys, tunnelling hills and mountains, sparing neither men nor money to make them perfect; so that the inspired description of the highway is no less a prophecy than is its spiritual significance: "Make straight in the desert a highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted and every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the crooked shall be made straight and the rough places plain."

We are accustomed to thinking of John the Baptist as the one who was to prepare the way; and so he was, in a sense, but only as the herald who preceded the royal train of Marie Antoinette on her journey from Austria to France, and told the peasants what to do —to cut out this undergrowth, to fill up that ditch, to put in a bridge here, to break rock there. The voice cried, "Prepare *ye* the way," and the centuries have echoed and re-echoed the refrain until it has become as the "voice of many waters."

As Christian women, have we heard the call? are we responding to it? The fact that we are organized under the name we bear is evidence that we are endeavoring to respond to the summons in order that the King may speedily enter India and Egypt. Prayer and purse are pledged to this cause, and these pledges are to be redeemed, and that right soon, or the chariot wheels may be delayed. But that is not all. While we are sending men and money to cut through the jungles of superstition and ignorance and vice, we must be working the roads in our own neighborhood. Are there any bridged streams on your farm? Any chuck holes on my street?

What is the most common excuse that you hear men offer for refusing to permit Christ to enter the heart and life? Is it not that there is a Judas among the twelve? Some man bearing Christ's name has put his hand in the bag; some Simon has placed a commercial value upon his religion; some Sapphira has professed to be what she is not; some merchant has filled the caddy with willow leaves and the coffee can with chiccory; some housewife has neglected to pay her wash-woman, or has gossiped about her hired girl; some father has neglected prayers in harvest time; some mother has told her little ones that the black man would get them if they cried; some sister is sunshine for company, but tempest for home folks; some brother politely indifferent to a crushed hat at a party, but profusely profane over a misplaced tie on his own dresser. Oh, the inconsistencies of professing Christians! What mountains they are to the unbeliever! Now while we know that these persons are only too glad to have an obstacle of this kind behind which they hope to hide, yet the voice said, "Prepare ye the way." Every mountain—yes, every hill, shall be made low. It behooves us to see to it that not so much as a stumbling block be left to impede our King's progress.

Only last week I heard of the conversion of a man that had seemed singularly difficult to move. His shop opened into the back part of the store-room of a friend of mine who had rather recently moved into that village to engage in business with his son. The town was divided by one of those faction fights that blight so many villages. "If you are this man's friend, you are no friend to Cæsar." "If that man's daughter sings in the choir, mine shan't play the organ." "If his favorite teacher is employed, my children shall not go to school." You know the story. It is not new. My friend found himself and

his business between two fires. But with Christian fortitude and patience he did his duty in both church and society, nor "ever faltered 'neath the load of petty cares that gall great hearts the most, but kept right on the strenuous up-hill road." One day the shop-keeper said to his son: "I've been doing a deal of thinking lately. I've been watching your father through all this; I've heard men curse him; I've seen them leave his store; I've watched them dog him and harass him, and I've come to the conclusion that there must be something in religion after all. What shall I do to be saved?" And the King drove right into his kingdom over this levelled highway. Are you preparing an easy entrance for Christ into the heart of the woman who lives in the next yard, and with whom you change back-door courtesies? into the heart of the boy who brings your groceries? or the girl who carries your milk? or the little child who calls you mamma?

But we have more to do than to lead exemplary lives. Valleys are to be filled as well as hills to be levelled.

What do men lack that we can supply? Many of them the knowledge of God's love. It may be this will be the gift of a Bible, the singing of a psalm, the telling of the old, old story. It is only by such knowledge that the swamps of superstition and ignorance are to be made passable. But there are yet yawning chasms to be spanned and swift flowing rivers to be bridged. If any one question calls more loudly for solution than another it is this very filling up of gaps in society to-day. It would almost seem that the great gulf was already fixed, to hear us talk sometimes of reaching the masses. True, we may have had a long line of godly ancestry, for which we should devoutly thank God, but not in the spirit of him who was simply congratulating himself that he was not as other men are. True, we may not have had the advantage of good food and clean clothes and pure air and books and music and art, but these are but external. One day my mother and myself were trying to convince ourselves that we had bones in our hands by examining them under the X-rays. In spite of the difference in years, you could not have told which hand was the mother's, which the daughter's. We gave place to a fat-handed country-woman, and the flesh and the tan and the callousness didn't show at all; the bones a trifle shorter than mine, the shadow of the ring a trifle larger, was all the difference. A negro came next, and for once the race question was not raised. I imagine that when God looks at us, we look very much alike stripped of externals. The masses? It takes us all to make them.

The gaps in our society are to be filled with men. Ezekiel wrote, "I sought for a man to stand in the gap." We will fail to prepare the way if we think to stand on our side and shout across that the King is coming. Do you remember the picture in one of the old readers of the monkey bridge across the stream? Of course you do. Methinks it must be by bridges of living links that society's broken connections be joined. Is not this the meaning of associated charities and Y. M. C. A. and University Extension and College Settlement and of all missions?

It may mean that your life and mine must help fill a chasm somewhere as living men filled that hollow road bordering the crest of Mont Saint Jean at the battle of Waterloo. A third of Dubois's brigade fell into that abyss, and when the trench was full, the rest marched over them and passed on.

We are to make the way *straight*.

Sometimes we wonder how men can resist the Spirit's power. Sometimes we are severe in our condemnation when we should pity and help instead. So many devious ways for youthful feet to follow, so many allurements to call to this side and to that, that the wonder is that we are not more diligent in straightening these zigzag lines. How often have you told baby fingers not to touch some tempting article, but finding that the will was not yet sufficiently trained you have quietly removed the temptation from baby eyes and made obedience easier.

How many times tactful teachers study some peculiarly trying child, to discover his vulnerable point of pride or passion, and by avoiding an open conflict on that point, train him to habits of self control. Are we preparing an entrance for Christ by being watchful to straighten the way by removing the temptation? Thousands of such opportunities come to us in home life where it is possible for us to know one another's failings and weaknesses as it is not possible elsewhere. Countless chances confront us in social and business life where we are more frequently than we know "a brother's keeper".

The card table is a real temptation socially, and the path may become very crooked, indeed, that begins with it. What are we doing to straighten it? We may preach against it, and pray against it, and debar it from our homes, but how many are we saving for Christ by planning some innocent pastime to take its place in the social entertainment of young people? It takes time; it takes thought; it is difficult to walk elsewhere than in the well-beaten track of social custom. I think of one young woman of my acquaintance whose special gift is in this direction, and in a quiet way, she is doing a noble work. The boys and girls are delighted to accept her invitations. They never have a "poky" time at her home; but only God and herself know how much shoveling it has taken to keep her part of the road straight for the coming King.

Another very winding way opens through the gateway of pernicious literature. Our country is full of it. The children's minds are being poisoned and their lives corrupted by it. We spend so much time and money—none too much—in teaching the little ones *how* to read. Our teachers all but quarrel over their favorite methods, and having at last succeeded in equipping the child with "the how," send him forth to choose for himself "the what." We have given him a dangerous power unless it be controlled and directed. How many parents, even Christian parents, choose their children's reading with the same care they choose their food? How many know their children's books even as well as they know their companions? I have been constantly surprised at the dearth of good literature in the average well-to-do country home. The county paper, with its local news and neighborhood gossip, is there; the city paper bringing the news of the world, but with it the details of crime and vice is there; but it is not the intelligent discussion of finance and tariff and arbitration that appeals to your fourteen year old boy or girl. It is Fitzsimmons and Corbett and the sensational love story that is eagerly devoured; for your boy is, just now, a hero worshipper, and your girl, just now, beginning to feel the instincts of womanhood. One big fat porker down in the hog lot would perhaps save the boy or girl, if he were brought into your sitting-room in the form of Abbott and Alcott, Scott and Pansy.

I have been in not a few homes, beautiful for situation and comfortable in

their appointments, where there seemed to be plenty to wear and everything to eat, but nothing to read, and I have not wondered on retiring for the night at finding in Mary's room a carefully preserved sample copy of the Family Story Paper, which some enterprising dealer had probably thrown into her father's wagon the previous Saturday with the announcement: "The conclusion of the thrilling tale will be found ————." What shall we do? Appease the hunger with wholesome food. I am convinced that as a teacher I have some times done harm, where I meant good, by indignantly confiscating and consigning to the flames some "blood and thunder" story hidden away behind the pages of a big geography. Walter did not see how that would harm him; it was interesting, it was exciting, it fired his blood, and he at once determined to finish that story and at the same time he became more secretive and I had lost my hold upon him. Better had I loaned him my cherished copy of David Copperfield or Scottish Chiefs. Parents, teachers and preachers might straighten up quite a stretch of highway at this point if they would but work together to this end.

Have you observed the holiday book trade closely? It is a common occurrence for fathers, mothers and friends to rush to a book-store, the day before Christmas, having failed to find a suitable gift elsewhere. People seem to have a feeling that a book is always suitable. But what guides in making the choice? Often the price, and that alone; sometimes the color of the cover; sometimes the type, or the binding, or what a holiday clerk says about it, rather than any knowledge of its author, or purposes, or suitableness. All this care takes time. God knew that it would when he left orders to straighten the way. We are certainly very slow in bringing good literature within the reach of the youth at the most impressionable and formative period of their lives. No part of my work as superintendent of schools is more discouraging than the attempt to establish libraries in school districts. Men tell me: "We'll provide for our own what we can afford; others must do the same." But are they even looking out for their own?

I well remember one summer day, when I was a child, asking my father why he mowed the weeds along the road in front of our neighbors' homes as well as our own. He said: "Mr. A. has no mowing machine; Mr. B. is so busy on his farm he thinks he hasn't time; Mr. C. doesn't care; Mr. D. thinks the road supervisor should attend to it, and in the meantime the weeds are going to seed and the wind is from the south."

At our county Farmer's Institute last winter, a friend called my attention to a branch from a plum tree diseased with the black knot. He told me that not until within the past year had this fatal malady attacked the plum trees in our vicinity. He had himself discovered this branch while riding in a remote part of the county. He dismounted, examined the tree and was convinced that it was really the black knot. What did he do? Say to himself, "Well, this is too bad. I'm sorry that's got started in this county. I'm glad it's ten miles from my orchard"? No. He is a horticulturist, and informed another gentleman, an authority on horticultural subjects, and together they made an investigation, explained the case to the owner, gained his permission to cut down and burn the affected tree, and he saved this branch to show to the farmers that they, too, might know it by sight, and thereby prevent its getting a start.

But men and women seem not to re-

alize the blighting effect of impure books that come as noiselessly and as regardless of line fences as does the thistledown borne by the south wind, and as fatally as comes the black knot. What has been said concerning these allurements applies with equal force to the many other temptations that beset us. Are we in any degree responsible for the non-enforcement of the cigarette and tobacco laws? for the liquor traffic? for the social evil? Oh! these crooked ways! God help us to straighten them.

I was out in the country the other day on a prairie road, level, dry, straight, and yet I was twice the usual time making the trip. Nothing the matter with my horse, nor with my buggy, but it had been very muddy, and after a day of wind and sun it was rough. I was reminded of the prophecy of the Voice—"The rough places shall be made smooth," in preparation for the coming of the King.

After all is done that we can do, it takes the grace of Christian kindness and sympathy to make the way smooth. James tells us one way to do this is to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, instead of simply moralizing about their condition. India needs food for dying men and women just now, and our missionaries will find it easier to minister to soul needs after relieving suffering bodies. But not alone by supplying physical necessities may we smooth rough places. Even more frequently the discouraged, the disheartened, the lonely, need the helpful word, the cheery smile, the merry laugh, a bunch of flowers, a potted plant, a drive in your carriage. We are usually more thoughtful about these things for the "shut-ins" of our acquaintance than for the "shut-outs". And what a large class is the latter and how varied their needs! How many of the lives touching yours are reduced to the humdrum of drudgery, a weary routine day after day, unbroken by recreation or variety—lives so circumscribed and desolate that your happy life and sunny home make their own seem the more cheerless and bare unless its brightness be shared.

Only last week my attention was called to this by remarks of a young woman who is stitching her life away on other women's dresses. She is not needy; she is not friendless. Her customers love her and chat socially while she takes their measures and fits their gowns, but her face grew radiant as she told me that Mrs. A had invited her to dinner recently. Not a "state occasion" by which the hostess hoped to pay her social debts. Just an every day dinner, but what a treat for the tired little dressmaker who had not eaten from any table but her own for many months.

An increasingly large class of "shut-outs" are the homeless young men and women who gather into our cities and towns to lodge in a bare room upstairs somewhere, and to eat at a boarding-house devoid of the comforts to which they have been accustomed in their country or village home. The way is ofttimes rough that the thoughtfulness and hospitality of Christian women might make more smooth—the kindly sympathy of humble followers of Christ thus preparing Him easy entrance into the hearts of multitudes.

But why prolong illustrations? After all we best prepare the way by individually meeting the needs of individuals.

"For all society, howe'er unequal,
monstrous, crazed and cursed, is but the
expression of men's single lives, the
loud sum of silent units. We cannot
change the aggregate and yet retain
each separate figure. The world must
still develop from its one, if bettered in
its many. We indeed who think to lay
it out new like a park, take a work on
us which is not man's; for God alone

sits far enough above to speculate so largely."

It is for our encouragement, however, to view His work. He has taken the broken deeds of his people and through the centuries has been shaping His highway. He has permitted man's intellect to remove physical barriers. Oceans are bridged and space annihilated to such a degree that we measure distance, not by leagues and miles, but by hours and minutes. Linguistic differences no longer cause chariot wheels to drag heavily. Mountains of what seemed adamantine rock are giving way before the hammer of the geologist and the test-tube of the chemist. Among the triumphs of engineering in this country was the construction of the Musonect cong tunnel on the Lehigh Valley road. How they worked! What difficulties they overcame! Not until after months of patient toil did the west heading going east met the east heading going west, the tunnel survey being so perfect that the errors in allignment and level were less than half an inch.

For so long science and the Bible seemed to be working in opposite directions, and men were fearful that they would somehow pass each other; but the engineer was not mistaken in his calculations, and the east heading is meeting the west heading with not so much in difference as half an inch.

Science exults in having discovered what it has been pleased to call an order of development on earth—grass, herb, trees, moving creatures that have life in the water; bird, reptile, beast, cattle, *man*. The Bible gave us that order long ago. For ages men racked their brains for expedients to uphold the earth, and the best that they could devise were serpents, turtles and elephants. Meanwhile God was perpetually telling men, "He hath hung the earth upon nothing." On all sides to-day we hear men talk of heredity, and yet it has not been long since this very principle was objected to in the second commandment, where God says that both the vices and the virtues of the fathers are entailed upon the children. Men have striven for centuries to test economic principles and to incorporate them into constitution and statute, only to find that, after all, liberty, equality and fraternity are as old as Christianity. Looking toward the past, we may well exclaim, "What hath God wrought?" And as to the future, what? Shall Isaiah answer?

"A highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The Way of Holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those; the way-faring men, though fools, shall not err therein. No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon; it shall not be found there, but the redeemed shall walk there."

A MISSIONARY TEA, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

MRS. J. W. MOULTON, in Life and Light.

NELLIE KINGSLEY had just come in from the Christian Endeavor prayer-meeting. The subject had been "Proportionate Giving." Aside from the earnest words of the pastor, the meeting had been slow, long-paused, and uninteresting, as is only possible where little is known of the need of the gospel in home or foreign lands. She had repeated in the meeting, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?" with little thought of its meaning, ex-

cept that it fitted the subject. She was an only child, an orphan, surrounded by friends, all the comforts of life and many of its luxuries. Since leaving school her aim seemed to have been pleasure. As an active member of the Christian Endeavor Society she had always served faithfully on the committees.

She glanced around the room, slowly repeating, "'For all his benefits toward me.' Well, what are my benefits?" The open piano, the beautiful pictures of her own making, the rare taste displayed in the arrangement of every article in the room, the open fire on the grate, the choicest books,—all seemed to echo, "for all his benefits toward me." She still held in her hand the topic card. As she glanced over the names of the leaders, she saw her name opposite this subject, "The Lord's Benefits toward Us." She looked at the names of the different committees. "But! what is this? 'Missionary committee: Nellie Kingsley, Dora Thorn, Harry Stedman.' Why," thought she, "I don't know the least thing about missions and missionaries, and I don't believe Dora or Harry does."

For a long time she sat in silence. At last she arose and said: 'Well, if I'm on that committee, I'm there to serve. I'll see Dora and Harry." The next evening found the three in Nellie's pleasant sitting room, and as she took up the topic card she asked them if they had seen the new ones. They replied, "No; why?"

"Guess, then," said Nellie, "who is on the missionary committee" They gave the names of several whom they thought were fitted for that committee. They named some associate members. Still Nellie shook her head.

"You can never guess," said Nellie, "so just listen: Nellie Kingsley, Dora Thorn, Harry Stedman."

"Why," said Dora, "I am only an associate member, and don't know a missionary from a Turk."

"I am no better off than Dora," said Harry; "but if you girls want mission work, just raise some money for our baseball team. 'C-h-a-r-i-t-y begins at home,' so Deacon Trumbel says."

"But," said Nellie, proudly, "we are Endeavorers. The nominating committee have seen fit to add a new committee, and have honored us (?) by putting our names on that committee. I am sure I don't know what they were thinking of. But we must do something. I have thought and thought, and the only thing that suggests itself to me is a missionary tea. For, of course, all the missionary needs is money."

"Yes," said Dora, laughing, "Harry's baseball team is the heathen, you the missionary after them; and I? Well, I'll go with you and look after the money. But, Nellie dear, plan something that will give us lots of fun, and you may count on me."

"As for a missionary concert or a missionary social," said Nellie, "I do not know how to arrange for them. A missionary tea is the only thing we can have and not expose too much ignorance."

In another half hour the plans were laid. Three days later the invitations appeared. Very dainty they were, printed in gilt on green paper, capital T's. The evening arrived, and by eight o'clock Nellie's beautiful parlors were well filled. If time would permit, I would like to tell you of the first missionary tea in Westwood.

It was a unique affair, a complete success; and the money,—well, they found the next day they had cleared twenty-three dollars and sixty-three cents. This committee also found they did not know what to do with money now they had it. The active members of the Christian Endeavor Society decided the evening be-

fore that it should be given to foreign missions. How vague and far off those two words "foreign missions" sounded to Nellie and Dora, as they sat wondering what to do next.

"You are driven to, Nell," said Dora; "you have just got to go to our pastor, and tell him honestly that you don't know anything about foreign missions, and I'll tell him I should be happy to meet some of them, for I have twenty-three dollars and sixty cents for them."

"O Dora, I feel so humiliated! I'll just know something the next time our society drinks tea to the health of foreign missions."

The pastor received them kindly, and explained to them the work and needs. This he did in a feeling manner and much earnestness, for he had a brother toiling in India and a sister fitting herself for the work. He found after a little talk with them that, as Dora had said when she came in, "they didn't know where foreign missions were," and but little of the work in the home land. He gave them a brief account of the work being done by denominational societies. They left the money with him to send to the Board.

After the girls left the parsonage Mr. Leonard called his wife to his study and told her of what had passed, and said: "Is it possible that our young people are so ignorant of missionary work? They seem as a rule well informed on other subjects."

"I am afraid it is too true," replied his wife. "I have been amused, surprised, and saddened at the questions found in the question box at our missionary meetings. And I heard at the county meeting the other day this incident: a young minister, a graduate of Yale, wanted to start a missionary society among his boys. He went to a lady much interested in mission work and told her his plan, but said, 'I don't know anything about the work.' She kindly explained, and gave him leaflets of the work. In a few days he returned them, and said: 'Have you any more of those leaflets? I have found them very interesting reading, very. But why haven't I known of the work long ago? Some things I never heard of before, and I am sure I knew as much as the other young people of our church.' What are the churches thinking of to let their young people grow up so ignorant of missionary work?"

"If this is true," said Mr. Leonard, "then again thank God for the Christian Endeavor movement."

After a few minutes of thoughtful silence he said: "We must begin at once to teach them. We have but lately come among them, you know, and must act with caution, and pray God to give us the best methods to reach them. We will quietly circulate books and leaflets calculated to arouse their interest and at the same time instruct. We will continue our monthly concerts, asking the younger members to take part. We will hold a social for the young people on the Friday evening preceding the concert, and try to confine ourselves to missionary subjects. Above all, let us pray God that he will make us as wise as serpents and harmless as doves."

At the close of the Christian Endeavor meeting on the following Sabbath, Mr. Leonard said: "I have a book in two volumes entitled 'John G. Paton, missionary to the New Hebrides.' There are two other copies in the place which I will get for any who want them. I have also a few leaflets for any who wish. Within the next three months I would like to have every active member of this society read the books. Remember this, my dear young friends, a thorough education in any particular line of work often results in a consecration to that

work."

Time passed. The monthly concerts became helpful and interesting on account of young voices. The missionary socials were a success. There seemed to be a deeper feeling in the Christian Endeavor prayer meeting. Nearly all the active members were now praying for those in the darkened lands; at the same time earnest prayers were offered for the associate members.

The evening for Nellie Kingsley to lead had come. An unusual stillness prevaded the room. No one had been more enthusiastic in reading books, magazines, and leaflets than Nellie. It was already known that she would soon leave them to take a medical course, in order to better fit herself for her chosen work among the women of India.

She arose, and in a few chosen words spoke of her feelings upon first seeing her name opposite this subject, "The Lord's benefits toward us." Her surprise to find her name on the missionary committee. How she had been led in the past weeks to see herself in a new light. "God has shown me that I have been making pleasure my chief aim. It shall be my aim in the future, but with His help it shall be the pleasure of the Lord. I have consecrated myself and my all to the Master. He will find me ready to go anywhere in His name."

These are but a few of the thoughts she gave, but the Holy Spirit was with her, as was shown in the prayers that followed.

The pastor's statement was proving itself true. A thorough education in any particular line of work often results in a consecration to that work.

FROM BASUTO LAND.

Letter from Mrs. Mathilde Gay, one of the French missionaries on the Zambesi, where she recently buried her husband. She is a daughter of one of the French missionaries in Basuto land and one of our pupils. Emil is the little son, her first child, who died when a few months old, and Flory the little daughter whom she sent down to her sisters before her husband's death. She has sent us this account of her journey down.

THERESA M. CAMPBELL.

NEEDLESS to tell you how happy I was to see my Flory again; but, oh, we miss the dear father so much. Flory asks me so often why Papa has not come also, and when I tell her he is in heaven with Jesus, she replies, "I want to go and see him!" Or else she asks why Jesus does not let him come to see us! Dear, dear children, may they keep a good souvenir of their so loving and tender father. How sad to think they will never have him, never know him. But the Lord has done it; I do not want to murmur. May I resign and worship in silence the hand that makes me carry the cross! You know how difficult it was for me to get out of the Zambesi. How could I travel? At Sherhoke we had a kind of Scotch cart, or rather a wagon which some years ago had been cut in two; the back part was being used at the station for carrying wood. Another old wagon quite out of use had the tent in a rather good condition. I then cut the tent in two and fixed it on that old kind of Scotch cart. It looked more or less comfortable and was rather small, yet it was a shelter, and having only a few things with us, I thought my little Lucy and myself could travel with it. It was not quite safe, but our Heavenly Father was with us; we trusted He would take care of us. Eight Baratsi boys were traveling with us, five of whom were to take back the cart to the Zambesi with some provisions for the missionaries, who are so short of everything. The three others I took with me

for school. They had been five years already in the house, and I wanted them to continue studying.

The three first weeks we travelled very well until we came to the Nata river. There we met the post boys going to the Zambesi. I learned there that the missionaries for the Zambesi would only start in April, and that until then no provisions could go to those on the other side of the big river. Those same boys told me that if I went with my oxen a few days further I would be sure to lose them with rinderpest—those oxen had not had the sickness yet. What could I do? Help had to be sent to those in difficulty. I knew that very little was left to them, and I had a heart to do something for them. After thinking seriously over it I took a great decision. Other boys coming from Sherhoke; I can say some more of "my children," arrived at the wagon. They were going to Palapye to work there. There were nine, and with six of mine I thought I would have enough carriers, and decided to leave those the wagon with the precious oxen and go to Palapye on foot. When arrived at Palapye I thought I would hire a wagon to take provisions to the Nata river, where the oxen had to stop, and my wagon could then go back to Kazungula when that hired wagon would come back with my luggage. I told the boys about that plan; two had to remain there with the wagon. They all consented, and we took a day to prepare everything. The boys promised to carry us. I arranged a kind of stretcher and we started An hour and a half after, those carrying us had rested several times already and declared they could not continue; it was too heavy. What could I do? Go back to the wagon? No! This thought always followed me: How will the missionaries live up there? I must do something for them. I felt an unknown courage take hold of me and I decided to go on foot. Yes, I walked two hundred miles, my little Lucy carried by one of the boys. We travelled nights and days in that horrible desert, through unknown forests, without a soul; by a scorching sun and through the rains; suffered from thirst and hunger; had to go through water and mud, but never were forsaken by our Heavenly Father. Every evening I used to call my boys (15) together and we sang and prayed. I felt God was hearing my prayers and could tell my boys with conviction that the help would come. Sometimes when seeing us in great difficulty they would come near and say, "O, we trust the Lord will not forsake you, mother!" How precious it was to me to tell them that I was not anxious; that certainly the help would come although I could not tell how. Even the unconverted of them would not have gone to sleep before we had had prayers.

A few days before we reached Palapye I sent two boys to the chief Khama to tell him that I was coming and the difficulty I was in. He at once sent a wagon to meet me, and his son-in-law sent me some provisions: biscuits, jam, condensed milk, corned beef, one-half bag of mealie meal (Indian corn meal) for the boys, etc. Useless to tell you how happy we all were. We ran to meet that wagon, and when it came near our camp and the provisions were put down, we all knelt down and thanked our dear Father for that great, wonderful help He had put in the heart of Khama to send us. Soon after some porridge was boiled and every one ate to his hunger. It was quite a feast. An hour after the oxen were inspanned again, and all happy and bright we continued our journey.

Two and one half days after we reached Palapye. Oh! I could not thank God enough for His help, His tender care,

His love for us. It seemed our journey was ended, but we were still far from home. Poor Marotsi; they still are very savage, yet this is a good mark for them that those boys travelled 18 days with me and amid numerous difficulties, but never deserted me nor were cross; kept always kind and respectful. I was never discouraged and did my best to keep the party in good humor. Three weeks after we arrived here at New Vale, where I found my dear sisters and my sweet little Flory. It was beautiful, yet it was sad. My thoughts go often to that dear Sherhoke. There I spent seven beautiful, happy years. How sweet it was to work there for my Saviour with my beloved husband. Difficulties were great, yet little because it was for Him.

Now I left my dear husband lying in that burning Zambesi sand with our little Emil. I have parted with that work which I loved so much, my home where I was so happy. It was hard, believe me, and I can only bear it because it is my Saviour's will. And now I have my girlies to care for; it is a great responsibility; but shall I not again have some mission work to do? I feel like a poor wounded soldier obliged to retire, yet with a burning heart to devote himself to his work. I still feel young (She is only about 33 or 34.) I cannot help singing the same hymn I sang seven years ago when I started for the Zambesi:

"Take my life and let it be
Consecrated Lord to Thee;
Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of thy love.
Take my lips and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee."

It is wonderful how one can get to love these poor black people. It is a love that comes from God.

MATHILDE GOY.

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

BACOS STATION, RAMLE, EGYPT,
Aug. 11th, 1897

MY DEAR SISTERS:

More than a year has passed since I last wrote to the MAGAZINE, and we are here at Ramle again. The vacation is almost finished for the Asyut missionaries, as we will soon begin to scatter.

The summer has been a very pleasant one. It is a treat after one has been somewhat isolated in his or her own station to meet with so many of the missionaries and have the delightful social intercourse. But the privilege I think we most enjoy is our English preaching service and prayer-meetings. We had very helpful prayer-meetings during the week preceding the meeting of Association, and we are sure that God was with us and blessed us.

If some of you could have looked in upon us this summer I think you would have found it hard to tell whether it was vacation or not, for you would no doubt have found the older ones busy at some work that had been pushed aside until vacation. Then you would have found the new missionaries, some in this corner, some in that, and some in the middle of the court, some with a teacher and some without, working hard at the Arabic. But even though busy, there is not the usual push of work. It is a delightful change both of work and climate, and because it is a change it is a rest.

The ladies' annual meeting was held two weeks ago and was a very pleasant one. It is good to hear those who have been in the work for some time give their reports. It is an inspiration to such of us as are new in it.

The meeting of Association followed

and was also enjoyable. Our greatest difficulty was when we came to distribute the forces, for the need was greater than the supply, and the large district in upper Egypt, where Mr. and Mrs. Nichol were stationed before their return to America (called the Luxor district), had to be left at present without any missionaries, but we think that Dr. and Mrs. Watson will be able to visit many of the places this winter, as they go up the Nile in the Ibis itinerating.

We are sincerely hoping that the money may be sent into the Lord's treasury so that those of our number who are at home on furlough and ready to return may be able to do so and bring with them the new ones who have been appointed.

Truly, "The harvest is great and the laborers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he would send forth laborers into his harvest," and not only that, but that he would pour out his Spirit upon all of those whom he has sent, both native and foreign workers, that each may be filled and fitted for his service, and that the time may be hastened when Egypt shall know the Lord.

Perhaps I should tell you something of my own work. You may remember that I am in Alexandria, in the Moharrem Bey girls' school. We have about fifty girls, most of them Jewesses, some Copts, and some Mohammedans.

The work during the year has been very pleasant, and I pray may have been for the glory of the Master. Our hearts have been made to rejoice greatly because another Jewess has accepted Christ as her Saviour, and it has been my precious privilege to meet almost every day with her and another Jewess, who accepted the Saviour nearly two years ago, for prayer and Bible study. It has been such a joy to teach them, for they have been earnest in seeking to know more of the Saviour and his will concerning them, spending almost all their spare time at school in waiting upon God in the study of his word; and He who is ever found of them who seek him has richly blessed them and graciously manifested himself to them.

I fear that my letter will seem somewhat rambling, but I want to tell you the sad story of a little Mohammedan girl who was a pupil in the Central school in Alexandria. We used to see her playing on the street near our door almost every time we passed, and she would always smile and speak to Miss McDowell. Finally she came into school. She was a very bright little girl and learned very rapidly. She was in school only a month or two when, one Sabbath day, a number of the girls were going to church with us as usual, and we sent some of them to ask if Bamba could not go, and they came back telling me she was sick. Miss McDowell called soon after and found her quite sick. She grew rapidly worse and was taken to the Greek hospital, where she died after about a week of intense suffering.

The day she died I was sitting at my window studying when I saw the mother drive up to the door of their house, and as soon as she alighted I heard her give the death wail, and I felt sure the child was dead. So, as soon as we could, we went over to see the sorrowing mother. and there we found her sitting on the floor with a half dozen women about her. She had a handkerchief in her hands and would stretch it above her head and scream and cry, then slap her face with her hands, and all the time calling to the little one who was dead. She would say, "O Bamba! O Sister! O Beloved! Why did you leave me?" Then, as if talking to her, she would go over the whole of the child's past history and what she had planned for her. Then

as Miss McDowell tried to speak to her she looked up into her face without one ray of hope and said, "Bamba's *dead, dead*," and it was just that to her—*dead*. O, how sad it was to sit there unable to whisper one word of comfort, one ray of hope! What wonder that the mother's grief was so wild! She could not comfort herself with the thought that the Saviour had taken her to himself and she might afterwards meet her with Him. No, she knew nothing of that.

Dear sisters, I think I never had our blessed hope so forcibly impressed upon me. O, how much we need to praise God for the glorious hope of the resurrection, for his wondrous salvation, for all the exceeding great and precious privileges which he has given us! O, that he would fill our hearts so full of gratitude that we would not cease to labor and pray until all shall know our precious Saviour from the least to the greatest.

Sincerely Yours,

ADELLE MCMILLAN.

FOREIGN NEWS BUDGET.

MRS. W. J. REID.

Mrs. Elizabeth Giffen, writing from Ramle under date of Aug. 5, gives general news of Egypt:

I fear it will be rather hard to collect items of news from the different stations this month, as we are in the midst of the semi-annual meeting of the Association and most all of the missionaries are here attending the meetings. Last Friday and Saturday we had our ladies', meeting, at which all the ladies on the field were present, except Mrs. Watson and Mrs. Harvey, who are left alone in Cairo to look after the work there. We had a very pleasant conference of the ladies, and all hope to return to our places filled with new zeal for the Master's work.

The work of the Association is moving along slowly and harmoniously. If they finish business by Saturday, a gentleman in Alexandria has invited us all, men, women and children, to go boating with him in Alexandria harbor. The children especially are hoping that the meetings may close before that time.

Some time ago a black girl, named Zohara, who was a servant in a Coptic family and had been taking lessons in the Testament, asked to be received into the church; but at the time of the meeting of the session, she was sick and unable to meet with the other applicants. Soon after this she found employment in an English family, and still continued to attend church, but had to give up her lessons from the zenana teacher. She soon became too ill for work and asked to be allowed to go to her room, which she had rented in a Mohammedan family, where she stopped while out of work. One of the sons in this family was table waiter in a family where she formerly served as nurse, and when Zohara became sick this young man's mother took care of her and nursed her as carefully as if she had been her own daughter. The young man's wife, however, refused to serve a *slave girl*, as she called her, and he told her that if she had not enough humanity in her heart to nurse a helpless sick person in need, that she might leave the house, and according to their custom he divorced her, and she went out from under their roof, while the sick *slave* girl, who was a Protestant at heart, was as tenderly cared for as if she had been a daughter and child of the Moslem faith. When she became too weak to sit up, Miss Kyle and some of the teachers visited her and read and prayed with her, and this, sometimes at the Mohammedan woman's request. When the girl died, they at once sent us word and asked us to take charge of the funeral services. She died after sunset, and the next morning, when a number of us went to the house for the funeral, we found the body prepared for burial, laid in their sitting-room and quite a number of Mohammedan women neighbors sitting around quietly weeping with as much sorrow as if one of their own number had been taken from them. When Mr. Giffen was about to begin the exercises, the man of the house called to the women and told them all to go out, but I stopped him and asked him to let them remain, and he replied: "I thought you would not want them in while you prayed," and so he told them to sit down again. Mr. Giffen read selections from the Psalms and led in prayer, during which they all listened attentively and made such exclamations as showed they understood what was being said. The son and father of the family went with Mr. Giffen to the cemetery. While there he talked to the son about divorcing his wife and advised him to go after her and bring her back, but he said: "No; if she is not willing to help a poor person in need, I do not want to keep her" Mr. G. gave him the book of selections and talked seriously to him about the *duty* of bringing back his wife. He promised to read the book, and we trust he may be led into the Truth as it is in Jesus. It was a strange experience all through—that Christian funeral service in a Mohammedan house, and then caring for and nursing a Christian girl. We do not understand it. Of course the Mohammedan religion sets great store by good works, but we never knew them to do so much for a Christian.

Mr. McFarland is still lying in the Alexandria hospital sick with fever, but we hope soon to hear of his being able to return home. Our mission has had a good deal of sickness the past five months, but aside from Mr. McFarland, I am thankful to say all who are at present on the field are in usual health.

Miss Thompson adds brief news from Cairo:

After being in Ramle for a vacation, it was pleas-

ant once more to be able to attend to regular duties in Cairo. The weather was very hot still, and it was showing in many ways on the people, some being covered with prickly heat, and others with painful little Nile boils.

On Sabbath, the 25th of July, there was communion in the Koolalie church and one woman was received into church membership who is taking lessons from one of the Bible women. The stated supply is diligent in attending the different meetings and seems much interested.

India.

Mrs. T. F. Cummings, writing from Eyrie Cottage, Dharmsala, gives general news from India:

We have been anxiously watching the winds and the clouds to see whether rain is to come as it ought to this famishing land. We are thankful today that good rains have come to most of the Punjab, while Dharmsala is drenched. We hope there will be enough to bring a good harvest, but we're not at all certain of it yet. Those on the plains speak of unusually hot, trying weather. It was so hot that our missionary who had been holding Evangelistic meetings in Gujranwala had to stay longer than he intended on account of the dangers of traveling on the railroad in such heat.

Several missionaries are down with fever, but none seriously ill. Those who are in Kashmir do not report a very enjoyable season. Miss Morrison is improving, but Mr. Crowe who is one of the party there is sick with fever.

We have just come from the funeral services of Mrs. Anderson's little boy whose life had been but a few hours. The bereaved parents have the sympathy of their many friends.

Miss McCullough, who has been in ill health for some time, is now in Murree and is so much better that she hopes to resume her work at the close of the usual time allowed for vacation.

Mrs. Lytle writes from Pasrur that they are having splendid weather for prickly heat, thermometer ranging from 94° to 98° in the house with doors closed early, 110° to 118° in the shade on the veranda. No rain yet.

The Theological seminary, which is in session here this summer, seems to be doing well and will close with examinations and commencement exercises in about a month.

The Women's class, composed of the students' wives and mothers, is prospering under the faithful teaching of Miss Lawrence and Miss Fannie Martin.

Miss Corbett writes from Sialkot:

It has actually been too hot to write. Everything moves on as usual since the financial stringency has been relieved. There is, of course, the usual amount of mischief and the little worries of every day life, the things that come into the life of every one who has charge of a boarding-school in any land. There are a few additional cares in a Punjabi school and a great many are not there which one might find in a school in America. I believe in the law of compensation in missionary work as well as any other; for instance, when it came time for our class to graduate we were not troubled about the fine dresses lest the girls would go beyond their means, set a bad example before others, or arouse jealousy in the hearts of less wealthy pupils. No need to issue a decree that no white silk dresses should appear on the stage. Our three girls stood up in the same loose trousers and jackets and gingham vails that they had worn half of the weeks of the year, and success was no less sweet to them on that account. Nor are we troubled with parties, receptions, etc. A *jalsa* once a year and an occasional treat to the girls' completes our round of gayeties for the year. I might correct what was said about parties, as I have had a party every evening this week—for head cleanings. Some times one finds that at some unguarded point, said point being the head of a careless girl, the enemy creeps in and before one knows it they are several hundred strong.

School clothing is another cause of worry, for the trousers and jackets will disappear and the vails will tear. It will be a glad day when the girls can furnish their own clothing, for those who bring clothes from home take much better care of them than the others do of theirs. They will not be so well clothed perhaps, but it will be better for their Christian development and for their growth in independence.

It is not often that a communication comes from Miss Elizabeth Gordon. We give it in full:

I am requested to give a few stories from Massouri. I am with Mrs. Scott and family in a humble dwelling called Abergeldie Cottage, situated on the south side of a hill in Landour, about half way up between the ravine and the highest point of the hill. We look down into a basin-like ravine, at the bottom of which the slopes of many hills terminate, and on the tops of all these hills are built dwellings, schools, shops, etc. There are five or six large schools in sight, among which are the Woodstock, owned by the Presbyterians; and facing this just across the ravine, is the Philander Smith School for boys, owned by the Methodists; and on the south facing us, is the St. George's owned by the Roman Catholics. Then a little west of St. George's is the Wynburg School, an orphan asylum for boys and girls, chiefly soldiers' children, supported by faith and charity. Then there are one or two other schools between St. George's and Philander Smith.

Of churches, there are three: Church of England, St. Pauls and All Saints, in Landour; and Christ church in Massouri Bazar. The Methodists have a large stone church in Massouri, also a school and chapel; and there is a very neat church attended by all denominations (called the Union church.) Rev. Jones, a Baptist, is the pastor this season.

Missionaries of many different denominations come here for their vacations. During my stay I have met of the Canadian Presbyterians from Central India, four single ladies, and two married couples; of the Free Church of Scotland two single ladies from Calcutta; of the C. M. S., I have met a great many. A Bible reading is held once in two weeks in a house appropriated to their use; and one of them keeps house and boards the rest. She has had twelve this season. We attend this Bible reading; Miss Bauman sends a written announcement once in every two weeks. Tea and cake at 4:30 p. m. and the Bible reading at 5 p. m. The boarders pay Rs. 10 per month to keep up repairs, and the house is provided by Rev. Baring. The Bible readings are conducted by the divines who are engaged in translating the Bible into Hindu—Dr. Harper, of the Church of England; Dr. Kelly, Presbyterian; Rev. Lambert, a Baptist and father-in-law to Rev. E. L. Porter. The Presbyterians have three houses up here where they spend their vacations. The children often board in Woodstock (where they attend school) until their mothers come up.

Nine different denominations are represented besides the "Christian" denomination whose ladies I have not met. There is also a house near the top of this hill, called the Theatre, and prayer room where worship is held twice on Sabbath. It is attended by some of those living up there and by European soldiers.

A convention was held in the Municipal Hall in

the first week of June for the deepening of spiritual life, conducted by a captain and a Mr. Herklot. The hall was crowded, containing about 200. Some came in late, but all kept their seats until the close. The two speakers used nothing exciting, only plain, heart-searching truths.

The military cantonments are on the higher part of Landour. The Landour Bazar is the chief market both for Landour and Massouri. It is half a mile or more long, and the buildings are two stories, the upper story being used as dwellings. The railings of the balconies are painted red and the walls are white, which gives the whole a more civilized appearance than I have seen in any native bazar this side of Bombay.

Going down through the Landour Bazar, passing the Union Church and Municipal Hall, we again ascend into Massouri Bazar, which is called the Koalerz bazar. It consists of as fine, large English shops as we find any place—dry goods and variety stores of all kinds, banks, jewelry-shops, tailors, etc., etc. Passing on through the bazar we have a beautiful graded road entirely around a hill called "The Camel's back," on account of its peculiar shape. Here we meet all the aristocracy of the place out for air, on horses, dandies or jin-rickshas. But I have not seen near all of the place, and so can describe no farther. The general post-office is in Massouri. I have not yet been able to define the line between Landour and Massouri.

I have met with forty-six missionaries, some going down and some coming up. I am told that last year, at a convention up here, there were 120 missionaries. There are about twenty-five or twenty-six schools up here, so I am told.

We don't need to hire coolies by the month, as there are squads of them lying at every corner waiting to be called, and the place early and late resounds with their call, and the wages are fixed according to the distance you go. I was surprised the other day by one of the coolies asking me if I would not read to them. I asked if they had heard the gospel and who read to them? They said, "Janvier Sahib." Mr. Janvier is a missionary, but was up a few days and has gone down again. However, there is preaching for these coolies in more than one place, and a Miss Parson, a young lady, daughter of a missionary who was preaching in Delhi when the mutiny broke out meets the Dhahis in their village on Saturday and teaches them.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

India.

Questions and Answers for Missionary Societies and Mission Bands.

PART V.

76. What are the general methods of work pursued by our mission, and by all missions in India?

The gospel is preached among the masses in halls, churches and streets, or wherever an audience may be obtained. The women are reached by the lady missionaries, who have access also to the homes of the people. Schools are established where the secular instruction is accompanied by Bible teaching and Sabbath-schools are conducted. Christian literature is circulated and reading rooms are founded. Pastoral work is done

among the native Christians and much attention is given to their instruction and to the education, training and direction of mission workers. Hospitals and dispensaries are established for the sick by the medical missionaries. In these religious instruction is imparted to the sufferers.

77. How many hospitals have been established in our mission?

Two; one at Sialkot and one at Jhelum. Besides these, there is a branch dispensary at Bhera.

78. What is the especial work of the lady missionaries?

The instruction of the women and girls in Bible truth. Heathen women are visited in their homes and taught the way of salvation. Much time is given to the instruction of the native Christian women and in the supervision of girls' schools. Up to this time (1897) all the medical missionaries sent to our field have been ladies.

79. How many schools are there under the care of our missionaries?

About 170.

80. How many pupils are enrolled in these schools?

There are 6261. Of these 5040 are boys and 1221 are girls.

81. Where are the largest schools for boys located?

In Gujranwala, Rawal Pindi and Sialkot. Almost all the boys and young men in attendance at these schools are non-Christian. There is a college department in connection with the school at Rawal Pindi.

82. Where are the largest schools for non-Christian girls located?

At Gujranwala, Sialkot, Rawal Pindi and Jhelum.

83. What educational institutions have been established at Sialkot for the benefit of the young native Christians of our mission?

The Christian Training Institute, the Christian Girls' Boarding School and the Theological Seminary.

84. What is the object of the Christian Training Institute?

To give the native Christian boys a good Christian education, and to fit them for becoming teachers and preachers among their people.

85. What is the object of the Christian Girls' Boarding School?

To give the native Christian girls a good Christian education, and a thorough training in the art of housekeeping, thus fitting them to become teachers of others as well as good wives for the native Christian young men.

86. What is the object of the Theological Seminary?

To furnish the church in India with a well-trained native ministry.

87. What provision is made for the education of Christian boys and girls in their villages?

Schools are established in many of the villages, which are sometimes attended by all classes.

88. How many Sabbath-schools are there?

There are about 125 Sabbath-schools, with an attendance of 3022.

89. How many foreign missionaries of all churches are there in India?

More than 1500, counting ladies and gentlemen. There are more than 9000 foreign and native missionary laborers in India.

90. How many Protestant native Christians are there in the whole of India?

700,000.

91. In what way can you help our India Mission?

By your money, sympathy and prayers.

Learn to live well that thou mayst die so too;
To live and die is all we have to do.

Denham.

Program for November.

"Ask me, and for thy heritage,
The heathen I'll make thine."

Devotional Exercises.—Prayer for Missions. Read Isa., 11th chapter. Bible Songs Nos. 2; 27:17-19; 99; 159.

Scripture Texts.—(To be used as Bible reading or not, as preferred. It is better, if possible, to have the verses committed beforehand and recited.) Theme, "Encouragement to Pray for Missions,"—Ps. 2:8; 22:27; 72:8; Isa. 49:6; 54:23; 60:3; Jer. 16:19; Dan. 2:44; 7:11,14,27; Hosea 2:23 (last clause) Mal. 1:11; Math. 8:11; 9:37,38; Luke 1-32,33; John 10:16.

Devote a good portion of the time to earnest prayer for the mis.ion work of the church, especially that the Holy Spirit may be poured out upon the Christians in heathen lands. Luke 11:13; Joel 2:28.

What was the Saviour's command about missionary effort? Mark 16:15. Repeat in concert.

Have all the Juniors give some instance of missionary work from the Bible, telling the story in their own words, using such stories as that of the slave girl and incidents from the lives of Elijah, Elisha, Isaiah, Daniel and the other prophets, and the disciples, Paul, Stephen and Philip. Children always like to tell about what they have seen or read, and this exercise can be made very interesting if they are well acquainted with and interested in these stories. Intersperse the exercises with singing and prayer.

Modern missions.—Have the Juniors tell something that they have read about the awful condition of the heathen which will illustrate their need of the gospel. Follow this with incidents that show the encouraging progress of missions.

In these days when so many letters from missionsionaries are printed, it will not be hard for the Juniors to find something to tell at the missionary meeting of the faith, love and courage often shown by those who have renounced their idols or the false prophet, and have accepted Christ as their Saviour

If the society is large, divide it into three parts, assigning one class of incidents to each part.

Sing Nos. 137:1,2 and 202 1st verse.

JOSEPHINE MARTIN.

Junior Exercise.

"EARLY."

When is the time to seek the Lord?

Now upon the first day of the week, very EARLY in the morning, they came unto the sepulchre bringing the spices which they had prepared. "*Luke* xxiv:1. "O God, Thou art my God; EARLY will I seek Thee." *Psalm* lxiii:1.

When is the time to read His Word?

"I prevented the dawning of the morning and cried: I hoped in Thy Word. Mine eyes prevent the night watches that I might meditate in Thy Word." *Psalm* cxix:147,148. "Let us get up EARLY to the vineyards: let us see if the vine flourish." *Canticles*, vii:12.

When is the time to praise and pray?

"O satisfy us EARLY with Thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days. *Ps*, xc:14. "Awake up, my glory; awake, psaltery and harp: I myself will awake EARLY." *Ps.* lvii:8.

And when should we His laws obey?

"Wherefore, as the Holy Ghost saith; To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts. *Heb.* iii:7,8. "With my soul have I desired Thee in the night, yea, with my spirit within me will I seek Thee EARLY. *Isaiah* xxvi:9.

When should we listen to His call?

"They returned and inquired EARLY after God." *Psalm* lxxviii:34. "And Abraham rose up EARLY in the morning. . . . and went unto the place of which God had told him." *Gen.* xxii:3.

When should we love Him best of all?

"Whom having not seen, we love: in whom, though *now* ye see Him not, yet believing ye rejoice with joy unspeakable." *First Peter* i:8. "I love them that love Me, and those that seek Me EARLY shall find Me." *Prov* .viii:17.

When will the Lord be pleased to aid?

"I will go and return unto my place till they acknowledge their offense and seek my face: in their affliction they will seek me EARLY. *Hosea*, v:15. "God is in the midst of her: she shall not be moved: God shall help her and that right EARLY: *Psalm* xlvi:5.

Then, need we ever be afraid?

"And when the servant of the man of God was risen EARLY and gone forth, behold a host compassed the city both with horses and chariots. And his servant said unto him: alas, my master, how shall we do? And he answered: Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them . . . . . And the Lord opened the eyes of

the young man, and he saw: and beheld, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." *Second Kings*, vi:15-16-17.—F. H. W.

One Instance of Answered Prayer.

Margaret A. Smith went to Egypt twenty-five years ago when a young girl. Recently her health failing she was compelled to change climate, and she spent the summer at Chevrauzeeri, Switzerland. She is now much stronger and will soon return to her work in Egypt:

SWITZERLAND, Sept. 3.

I had been gathering flowers to press, and had found some that I was very anxious to preserve, but they had closed up their petals, and to have them open again I put them in water in a little horn cup which I had purchased in my travels as a souvenir and which I thought would be very useful as a drinking cup when traveling in Egypt. The cup with the flowers I placed in my window and went down to breakfast. When I came back the cup had disappeared. I hurried down stairs and began to search for it. There was a bed full of ivy and flowers beneath the window, and a thick vine covered the wall of the house most of the way up. The pastor and his wife and several others joined in the search. I was sorry to give them so much trouble, and told them that it was an inexpensive thing and that it did not matter much if it were lost; but they still continued to search; so I came to my room and asked the Lord to help me find it. I went down stairs again, and coming to the bed of flowers I thrust my parasol into a spot in the thick ivy and immediately I struck the horn cup. I could tell by the sound. I put my hand in and drew it out, calling to the pastor, who was still searching. "I have found my cup." He said, "I was praying that you should find it." I had been dreading my journey back to Egypt alone, as I was not able to speak French; and the thought came to me with great power, "If God is so great and so good as to take care of these very little things for me, will He not much more for the greater things?

The pastor in whose house I am living is a Frenchman. His parents were Catholics but were converted while his father was still a Colonel in the army. He was very much persecuted for his religion and cast into prison for a time. They are all earnest Christian workers and althoug I cannot talk to them, yet I feel as they say that we are one in Spirit.

Yours in the Master's service,
M. A. SMITH.

The Street Arab's Trust.

A story is told of a London street boy who had both legs broken by a dray passing over them. He was laid away in one of the beds of a hospital to die, and another little lad of the same class was laid near by, picked up with famine fever. The latter was allowed to lie down by the side of the crushed boy. He crept up to him and said, "Bobby, did you ever hear about Jesus?"

"No, I never heard about Jesus."

"Bobby, I went to the missionary school once, and they told us that Jesus would take you to heaven when you died, and you'd never hunger any more, and have no more pain, if you axed him."

"I couldn't ask such a great big gentleman as him to do anything for me. He wouldn't stop to speak to a boy like me."

"But he'll do all that if you ask him."

"How can I ask him if I don't know where he lives? And how can I get there when both my legs are broken?"

"Bobby, they told me at the mission school as how Jesus passed by. Teacher says he goes round. How do you know but what he might come round to this hospital this very night? You'd know him if you was to see him."

"But I can't keep my eyes open. My legs feel so awful bad. Doctor says I'll die."

"Bobby, hold up your hand, and he'll know what you mean when he passes by."

They got the hand up; it dropped.

They tried again; but it fell back, Three times he raised the little hand, only to let it fall. Bursting into tears, he said, "I give it up."

"Bobby, lend me your hand," said the other little fellow. "Put your elbow on my piller. I can do without it."

So one hand was propped up. And when they came in the morning the boy was dead, his hand still propped up for Jesus. You may search the world, and you cannot find a grander illustration of simple trust than that of the little boy who had been to the mission but once.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

Welcome to the new society at Allerton, Iowa, Rev. W. Murchie, pastor.

EDITORIAL.

The Simultaneous Canvass.

Most of the societies have now been heard from. Our treasurer reports that while the gains have not been as great as desired, still there has been progress.

Many kind letters have been received showing that much earnest effort has been made by agents and friends. In some instances these have been very successful, in others apparently not.

More sample copies have been asked for and sent out than ever before, and it is hoped that the simultaneous canvass will bear fruit throughout the year.

Thanks to these agents and friends, one and all. May their labor of love be abundantly rewarded.

From Indianapolis.

The key-note of the convention was love—love to God and love to man.

Thanks to the committee for the souvenir program. It was a happy thought to introduce questions from the shorter catechism and also our pedigree.

"Large attendance at conventions makes larger and more enthusiastic presbyterials.—REV. J. A. DUFF.

At the missionary conference Mrs. Holliday said: "This morning it was said: 'one earnest loyal United Presbyterian should shake the country for twenty miles around.' My husband is trying to shake a densely populated country for forty square miles in India, with no one to help him." These words moved our hearts when we remembered the sacrifice that Mr. and Mrs. Holliday are making, he being in India, and she caring for their children in this country.

Many kind words were spoken for the MAGAZINE. Mrs. M. C. Watson, of Shiloh, Ind., made an earnest plea for sacrificing a new ribbon, or some personal adornment if necessary, rather than not give the 60 cents for a year's subscription. She said there was one contribution in last month's Magazine that is worth the year's subscription. Her missionary society has the distinction of being one of the few who take more copies of the Magazine than there are members. She is an aunt of our Dr. Anna Boggs Watson, of Tanta, Egypt.

When the petition was read requesting the faculties of our educational institutions to provide for special missionary courses of instruction, Rev. J. O. Ashenhurst, our returned missionary, said: "We have now *one* college with a special missionary course of instruction. It is at Asyut, Egypt."

"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Most impressive were these words spoken by Rev. A. S. Montgomery, as the convention stood to receive the dele-

gates from the A. R. P. church of the South; and he told how he loved them knowing their many good qualities, although he was forced by his conscience to differ from them on the slavery question, and to leave them; but he had prayed and hoped, waiting for this union.

By many Dr. Joseph Kyle's address, "A Separated Life," was considered the best thing among a feast of good things. We refrain from giving any extracts from it, because it must be read as a whole to be appreciated. It can be procured in booklet form from The Christian Union Herald at five cents a copy, or $2.50 per hundred.

Many gifted speakers from other denominations favored the convention. Our own did not suffer by comparison.

* * *

"White Caps" from being a terror and dread, became "angels of mercy," ministering to the delegates—a pledge that other evil organizations may be transformed by the power of the gospel into agencies for the upbuilding of Christ's kingdom.

Our young people are good United Presbyterians, for we "say our questions" in convention.

Arrangements were made for services throughout the city so that no one needed to ride on street cars on Sabbath.

It was good to see the faces of, and shake hands with, missionaries, that we may the more sympathetically pray for them. Did you see the beautiful lace and crochet work, the handiwork of the Bible Reader, Mary Anna?

If you looked on the photographs of native teachers and pupils of Cairo, or that class of fine-looking Theological students, you must have been thankful that we have been permitted to send missionaries to Egypt's dark borders.

Mrs. Peake's gifts qualify her for her work. She has the power of a good clear voice. She knows the scripture, and gives evidence of the indwelling of the Holy Spirit.

All the members of the convention feel the influence of the evangelistic work, even those who are not actively engaged in it. In this regard we have made a great advance.—E. A. I.

* * *

Some features of the street meetings at Indianapolis, during the convention, will commend themselves to Christian workers. The gospel was forcibly presented in the simplest manner; the Psalms were sung with fervor, and no less with favor; personal persuasion was brought to bear upon many who were in a state of indecision. There were those who resisted the general appeal, but who could less easily refuse the face-to-face offer of salvation. It was the writer's privilege to be present at three different posts. While at each place the workers were granted a most respectful hearing, and sometimes a cordial sympathy, yet I think the greatest successes were among the "unchurched masses." This is no doubt a cause for gratitude. "To the poor the gospel shall be preached" was to some extend fulfilled at Indianapolis, and if this is a sample of the poor at other places, we are led to believe that the poor are more ready to hear and believe than is generally supposed.

R. L. D.

* * *

In a beautiful silent city near the great lake whose waters cool the air of summer, sleeps the body of a minister of Christ. He gave heart treasures to a people who had sworn to love him. Truth fell from his lips but faithfulness gave offense. For months he suffered and found but one home where he might go and weep. His self respect forbade

publicity. He suffered in silence save in this home where two generous natures offered him love and sympathy. There with rainy eyes and quivering lips he told his grief. He died—the papers said, of fever. But others read the secret and whispered, "he died for lack of sympathy." No human skill could save. He died, like Jesus, of a broken heart; because the people who had sworn to love him had not kept their vows. It was not an enemy that reproached him or he could have borne it, but it was one with whom he had taken sweet counsel and in whose company he had gone to the house of God. Young men and women of the convention, warn your companions! Tell them that there is a ministry so cruel that it ends in death. Encourage your fellows, and reveal to them that there is a ministry so sacred that it issues in life and peace and everlasting bliss; this is the *ministry of sympathy.*

DR. W. T. MELOY.

* * *

No one could listen to the address of M. B. Williams, of Atlanta, Ga., without feeling a greater love for the Bible. He said: "We are in danger, while working in our different organizations, of neglecting the best of all books, the Bible. It is accurate. It has stood the test of critics in all ages. Men have tried to destroy it, but God has preserved it, and it is to-day studied by more people than in any other age of the world."—M. H.

* * *

Our obligations are to awaken, study, talk, pray, give, go. Special obligations are on our church to continue and increase the efficiency of its work in Egypt and India. If we have God's plan as ours, our missionary enthusiasm from him, we will only be satisfied when this world can be called Christ's with all its kindreds and peoples. Dr. Witherspoon said: "The church has been faithful through all years, but it has not awakened to its opportunities in missionary work." Mr. Porter said: "What we need in the United Presbyterian church to-day is consecration, information, and system in our giving." John Knox said: "O God, give me Scotland or I die. How can I sleep when my country is not saved?" Would to God that this same question would come to the hearts and lips of every member of our Christian Union: "How can I sleep when my country is not saved? O God, give me America or I die." America must be saved for America's sake, for the world's sake, and for Christ's sake.

L. J. B.

Miss Ina B. Littell, of Darlington, Pa., doubled the subscriptions of their society, sending fourteen names.

Kind Words.

EDITORS MAGAZINE:—Perhaps a few words of encouragement from the Johnstown W. M. S. will not be out of place. The Women's MAGAZINE is a most welcome visitor in our society. This year the writer has secured three new subscribers, nothwithstanding the scarcity of money; from this you may infer that the MAGAZINE speaks for itself and is bearing fruit in more ways than one in our midst.

At our regular meetings you will find several copies of the MAGAZINE present. We use the programmes as given in it, and have papers prepared on the different phases of the various subjects; also impromptu remarks while others read selections from the MAGAZINE. We have an organization alive to the cause of missions, and we hope many "ideal members" may be produced by reading its columns. The editorial committee are to be congratulated on the success

of their part of the work.

Does the average reader of the MAGAZINE fully realize what constant and untiring service they are called upon to give? Then let us awake to our duty and secure new names for the list. It is only by a hearty co-operation that our work for the Master brings the multitudes into the Kingdom.

ISABELLA J. G. KYLE.

Johnstown, Pa.

It is the wish of the society of the 3d church Chicago that, on the tenth anniversary of the MAGAZINE it voice its appreciation of this helpful visitor, which has introduced personally the Home and Foreign workers.

The information gained from these earnest ones is needed and is an inspiration to the readers and awakens the desire to be helpers in their work of loving sacrifice. COM.

It is humbling to my pride to be compelled to send you such a short list of subscribers. I have done what I could, but cannot help the feeling that some one else might have succeeded better. One thing, I think we have not been praying for the MAGAZINE as its importance could suggest. Success does not depend on human agency, "God will supply." Yours,

Jamestown, Ohio. E. A. IRWIN.

Freedmen's Mission Directory.

Chase City, Va.; Rev. J. M. Moore, Ph. D.

Bluestone, Va.; Rev. W. M, Fowlkes. Send freight to Chase City and mark, "For Bluestone." P. O. address is Abbeyville, Va.

Norfolk, Va.; Rev. Wm. McKirahan.

Henderson, N. C.; Rev. C. L. McCracken.

Athens. Tenn., Rev. J. L. Cook.

Knoxville, Tenn.; Rev. J. S. McCullough.

Millers Ferry, Ala., P. O. Rev. C. H. Johnson. Freight, Millers Ferry, care of Alabama River Steamer Co., Mobile, Alabama.

Prairie Ala.; Mr. H. J. Oliver, Catharine Wilcox Co., Ala.; mark "For Prairie," which is also P. O. address.

Summerfield, Ala.; Mr. Peter Cloud, Summerfield, via Selma, Ala.,

Camden, Ala.; Rev. E. K. Smith, Camden, Ala., via Bridgeport Landing., Wilcox-co, Ala.

We earnestly desire to call the attention of societies to the importance of sending clothing early, so that the colored people may be prepared for cold weather; and thus both obviate suffering and put them in a position for attending school and Sabbath services regularly. Information desired will be furnished upon application to

C. JANE VINCENT, Cor. Sec.

The annual meeting of the Women's Missionary Society of Lake Presbytery will be held at Linesville, Pa., Thursday, October 14, at 8 o'clock P. M.

CORA MCCLELLAN, Cor. Sec'y.

Program for November.

SUBJECT.—Our Heritage at Home.

Let the following scripture selections be assigned to as many different persons, each one to be used as a theme for a three minutes talk; these, with appropriate singing and prayer, to form the opening devotion.

1st. "Thou hast given me the heritage of those that fear thy name." Psalm 6:5.

2nd. "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places, Yea I have a goodly heritage." Psalm 16:6.

3rd. "Thy testimonies have I taken as an heritage forever: for they are the rejoicing of my heart." Psalm 119:111.

4th. "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord." Isaiah 54:17.

TOPICS FOR THREE TEN MINUTE PAPERS.

FIRST.—The planting and development of Christianity in this New World.

"In their larger aspects the Discovery of America and the Reformation together included the astonishing spread, and colonization, and dominion, of the virile Anglo-Saxon race and speech—one of the most impressive phenomena in the entire range of historic events. * * * * In the New World were first to be tried, under auspices remarkably favorable, certain novel, radical and most momentous experiments in civil government and ecclesiastical order, which all the world was to watch with amazement mingled with incredulity, and then sooner or later begin to imitate. Among these were popular government combined with popular education; an intelligent people everywhere in authority, and the absolute separation of church and state. * * * * Already for more than half a century the striking spectacle has been looked upon, of missionaries by the hundred toiling with heroic faith for the restoration of the gospel to Bible lands, Palestine, Persia, Egypt and the rest, and sent forth to their mission from a country on the opposite side of the globe, a country of whose existence Bible saints had never dreamed. * * * * And later on mechanical inventions were to follow,

and all to unite as messengers from heaven to bear the name of Jesus to earth's remotest grounds."—"*A Hundred Years of Missions.*"

SECOND.—Duty of the New World Christian to defend our "heritage" from threatening dangers; chief among which are intemperance and Sabbath-breaking.

THIRD.—The high privilege of the New World Christian to take a leading part in the "moral struggle of the world" outside our heritage at home.

"I have come back from observations in Asia with the feeling that America does not yet appreciate the great part she must play in the moral struggles of the future which lie outside our national domain. We justly feel that America is herself a chief part of the world, and that we do an immense service to mankind by striving to improve the spirit and conditions of our own people. The chief branch of what we call the Anglo-Saxon race is the American, and whatever greatness we may have already achieved is hardly to be mentioned beside that imperial grandeur which awaits us before the close of the twentieth century. * * * * Over one half of those who now speak the English language live beneath the stars and stripes. Before two centuries have passed I believe that that tongue will be the vehicle of commerce, literature and civilization for the majority of the human race. * * * *

"Surely, it is a hand of redemption and healing which Christian America has laid upon the far East, and the islands of the sea. * * * * The brightest light which shines on the Syrian coast, beneath the shadow of the Lebanon mountains, flashes from an American College, and the darkness which broods over the pyramids and the tombs of the sacred bulls, would be far deeper but for the American Presbyterian schools and churches stretching through the whole length of the land of the Nile and through India from coast to coast. I have crossed the continent five times, and while I saw many things to depress the mind, and bring before me the shames of Christendom, my heart was filled with pride over the good name which American Christians have given to their country."—*Excerpts from address delivered by Rev. John Henry Barrows, D. D., at Young People's Convention, Indianapolis, Ind.* MRS. R. S. FINLEY.

Characteristics of Preaching in Egypt.

The impression prevails that a different sort of preaching as to matter and manner, is necessary in the mission field from that which is suitable in work here. At least in Egypt the method of presenting the gospel, both by missionaries and by native preachers, is similar to the method used by pastors and evangelists in this country. Indeed a sermon that is delivered before an ordinary congregation in this country would usually be appropriate to be given to a congregation in Egypt, especially in those places where the work has been long established.

There are certain stages of the work in which preaching is more informal than it is in this country. The subject is presented in the simplest possible way in places where the work is new, and the speaker is often interrupted with questions. But services are not long conducted in a village, even though it be in a private house, until people learn that it is not just proper to "speak out in meetin," and leave their questions and discussions till after the formal services.

The sunset meeting is an institution peculiar to the Egyptian church, and requires a preacher to exercise his gifts every evening in the week all the year round.

The native ministry in Egypt, trained up under the care of the mission, is composed of men well equipped for the work. They have received a thorough training in theological and other studies, and are altogether as well prepared for their work as the ministry at home for the work here. They are extremely conservative in their views, and their preaching centers around the tried doctrines of our religion. They preach justification by faith *alone* because of the prevailing and persistent beliefs there that works of merit are essential to salvation.

Preaching in Egypt differs from that of this country in the controversial elements that enter into it, and also in respect to some of the prevailing evils to be contended against. Some people in this country could take comfort in the preaching of our Egyptian preachers, for they never "preach politics," as that country is not governed by the people, and there are no elections to disorder the public weal every four years. And, yet, though political questions never form the theme of the Egyptian pulpit, the pulpit emphasizes the Biblical principles of loyalty and patriotism and obedience to the powers that be for conscience' sake.

The Biblical controversies that inflame the pulpit in this country do not form a

part of Egyptian preaching, for our Egyptian native minister believes in the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible; but considerable attention is given there to the questions that arise between the Copts and the Protestants concerning fasts, and the priesthood, and the Lord's supper, and the worship of saints and of pictures.

J. O. ASHENHURST.

REPORTS, ETC.

Report of Women's Board.

The regular monthly meeting was held Sept. 7, thirteen members present. The Foreign secretary reports that Miss Elizabeth McCahon, formerly of India, but on account of ill health at home for some months in the Freedmen's work in the South, has regained her health and sailed for her former field of labor in India. We are also glad to announce that Miss Susie Young has been so much benefitted by her visit home, and treatment for her eyes, that she will return to India this fall. A farewell meeting for the outgoing missionaries will be given by Monongahela presbytery. Instruments and supplies were ordered to be purchased for Dr. Johnston's hospital in India.

Home secretary having a long report, and time being limited, it was deferred.

Finance chairman made a statement regarding the action taken on loan to an eastern congregation. Action endorsed.

Freedmen's secretary reported that the last payment on the building at Camden, Ala., had been paid. Judge Henderson, of Prairie, Ala., wishing to dispose of some land, gave the preference to the Board. It was decided not to add any further to our farm at present. A change was made in the sewing department at Knoxville, Tenn. Instead of a dressmaker and a sewing teacher independent of each other, it was decided to employ a dressmaker and assistant.

The treasurer reports the June receipts, $2251.18; the disbursements, $3418.41. July receipts, $2835.56; disbursements, $9397.59. August receipts, $598 92; disbursements, $3206.55. The August receipts were reported to be the smallest sum received in the same month for several years. Reported having sent to the presidents of all missionary societies, as far as known, the circulars in regard to reporting money, as ordered by the W. G. M. S. at Indianola.

Church Extension secretary made a short report that two small loans were granted.

The Literature secretary also made a short report. In regard to the sale of the minutes of the Indianola convention it was ordered that six copies be sold for $1.00, and that with each dozen ordered one extra copy be sent.

The regular quarterly report of the treasurer of the Magazine Committee was received and adopted.

MARY W. PORTER, Sec'y.

Treasurer's Report.

Receipts for the month of June, 1897. [When not otherwise specified, the money is from the Presbytery named.]

Foreign.—Frankfort for India, 10; Lake, 5; Miss Agnes Bunyan, W. Charlton, 5; Chillicothe, 9; Mansfield, 10; Keokuk, 4.50; Omaha, 7.

Foreign Special.—For famine sufferers, India, Allegheny, 15; San Francisco, 18.50; Omaha, 13.30; C. E., Olathe, to help educate a boy and girl in India, 18; Ireton W. M. S., to support Allah Dittu and Fukko, India, 30; 1st New Wilmington W. M. S., Bible reader, India, 37.50.

Endowment of Beds in Jhelum Hospital, India.—Allegheny for Junior, 13; Monmouth Junior, 8; New York Junior, 3; Omaha Junior, 2; Mrs. Martha Eleanor Wilson Memorial, Mrs. Mackenzie, 3; Mrs. Buck, 3; Belle Miller, 1; Mrs. L. J. Applegate, 1; Mrs. Gowdy, 50c; Mrs. Rachel Thompson, 1; Mrs. Todd, 1; Mrs. White, 50c; Lacona, 3.52; Service, 2; Somerset, 1.65; St. Charles, 2; Pitzer, 3.66; Adair, 2.64; Dexter, 5.46; Monroe, 2.86; 2nd Des Moines, 5; Palo Alto, 5.17; Washington, Ia., 1.10; Winfield; 4.25; Ainsworth, 5; Keokuk, 1; Majors, 5.

Foreign Salaries.—Miss Hogg, 3d Church, Allegheny, 50; Miss Mary R. Martin, Steubenville, 62.50; Miss Buchanan, Monongahela, 100; Dr. Watson, Monongahela, 50; Miss Cora B. Dickey,

6th Pittsburgh, 100; Miss Campbell, Monmouth, 115; Miss McDowell, Argyle, 275; Miss Mary R. Martin, Mansfield, 17.25; Miss Mary A. Lawrence, Colorado, 57.50; Miss Spencer, Princeton, 20; Miss C. E. Wilson, Keokuk, 13.

Home and Salaries.—Allegheny, 117; Lake 14; Miss Agnes Bnnyan, 5; Chillicothe, 8; Mansfield, 30; Mercer, 10; Warm Springs Indians, —; Allegheny, 20; Monmouth, 6.10.

Freedmen's Salaries.—Monongahela, 75; Indiana Northern, 5; Illinois Central, 7; Miss Agnes Bunyan, 5; Chillicothe 7; Mansfield, 3; Princeton, 5; Omaha, 13.

Church Extension and Parsonage.—Monongahela, 50; Findlay, Ohio, on rent, 35; Oakland, Cal., 3rd payment on note 2, 69.40; Columbus, O., Neill Ave Ch 3d payment on note 4, 89.10; 1st payment on note 3, 73.

Aged People's Home.—Chillicothe, 5.

Allegheny Training School.—Allegheny, 10.

Bethesda Home.—Monongahela, 10.

Pittsburgh Syrian Mission.—Monongahela, 58.

Contingent Fund,—21st Verona for minutes of W. G. M, O., 3; Interest on bank deposits, 157.40; Interest from investments, 50; Mrs. Mary C. Porter, from sale of thank offering services, etc., for the year, 90.99.

Receipts for month of July, 1897.

Foreign.—Chicago, 15; Indiana, 16; Allegheny, 5; Westmoreland, 28; Kansas City, 5; 1st Ohio; 8; Chartiers, 10; Wheeling, 31; Rock Island, 10; Xenia, 51 and for Egypt, 5; Los Angeles, 15; Mrs. R. F. T., Wichita, 1; Beaver Valley, 5.

Foreign Special.—For famine sufferers, India, Allegheny, 35, also Oregon, 7; 1st Allegheny L. F. M. S., special to Egypt, 10; 4th Allegheny W. M. & B. S. for Bible reader India, 100; 2nd Allegheney W. M. S., Bible reader India, 90; 1st Ohio, Miss McKown memorial, 2, also Xenia for same, 2: Arkansas Valley, 48; Argyle, 10.50; Illinois Central, 20 and Miller's Ferry W. M. S. 5.19, all four for famine sufferers, India.

Medical Work, India.—Allegheny, 34.

Hospital in India.—Mrs. Hogg, Edinburg, Scotland, 8.20.

Endowment of Beds in Jhelum Hospital, India.—Junior's Indiana, 2; Westmoreland, 33; Monongahela, 10; Mrs. Martha Eleanor Wilson memorial, Xenia, 15; Mary Boggs, deceased, of Oakland cong., Beaver Valley Pres., 1.

Foreign Salaries.—Miss Hogg, 2nd Allegheny, 25; Miss Spencer, 8th Allegheny, 45; Miss Smith, Garnett, 23; Kansas City, 4; Dr. S. E. Johnson, Westmoreland, 34 50; Miss Corbett, Conemaugh, 100; Miss Fannie C. Martin, O. Y. P. C. U., of Conemaugh, 25; Miss Thompson, 1st Ohio, 62.50; Miss Mary Lawrence, Arkansas Valley, 54; Miss McCahon, Chartiers, 65; Miss Caroline C. Lawrence, M. D., by the Misses Stokes, 550; Miss Young, College Springs, 36.50; Miss S. E. Dickey, Xenia, 219.85; Miss Buchanan, Monongahela, 100; Miss Campbell, 95.

Home and Salaries.—Allegheny, 102; Westmoreland, 15; Kansas City, 6; Conemaugh, 10; 1st Ohio, 8; Chartiers, 37.80; Philadelphia, 25; Wheeling, 25; Xenia, 8; Caledonia, 12; San Francisco, 4.30; Monmouth, 15.

Warm Springs Indian Mission.—Indiana, 5; Mrs. Mary Wright, Pawnee City, 20.

Freedmen's and Salaries.—Garnet, 7.30; West moreland. 5; Oregon, 10; Kansas City, 6; Spokane, 3; Knoxville College, dress-making department, 20.02; 1st Ohio, 5; Mrs. R. J. Douds for Knoxville, 5; Illinois Central, 4; Xenia, 16; Monmouth for Miller's Ferry, 5.

Alabama Farm.—Ninnescat Junior M. S., 3.50.

Little Girl's Home, Tenn.—College Springs, 5.

Church Extension and Parsonage.—1st Topeka Kan., last payment on Note 2, 50; Westmoreland, 3; Kansas City, 5; Conemaugh for Spokane, 5; Goldfield, Ia., 3d payment on Note 1, 33.30; 1st Ohio, 10; Beaver Valley, 10.

Misterial Relief.—Westmoreland, 11, Kansas City, 4; Beaver Valley, 1.

Orphans' Home, Allegheny.—Miss Frances McKinley, Kansas City, 5; Beaver Valley, 1.

Memorial Hospital, Allegheny.—Bellevue J. S. C. E., 5; Miss Frances McKinley, Kansas City, 5; Beaver Valley, 1.

Aged People's Home.—Miss Frances McKinley, 5; Beaver Valley, 1.

Contingent Fund.—Xenia for minutes of W. G. M. S., 15; Interest from investments, 56.25.

Pittsburgh Syrian Mission.—Monongahela, 67.

E. J. SLOAN, Treasurer.

Question Drawer.

[Address communications for this department to Miss E. W. Pollock, 234 East 9th Street, Erie, Pa.]

QUES.—"What is the best method of raising funds to carry on the work of Junior Societies?"

ANS.—In my opinion, the best method is regular, persistent training, giving them frequent opportunities to contribute; not sensational appeals, but explaining to them, over and over again, the scriptural reasons for giving; above all, teaching them that offering to God is a part of worship.

ANS. NO. 2.—Our method is to give to each boy and girl in the Sabbath-school a small white envelope, on the Sabbath previous to our meeting. (We meet on the 1st Monday of each month at 4 o'clock.) In the envelope is deposited the offering and both are brought to the meeting. We urge self-denial (doing without candy and chewing-gum) in order to have money for our offering, and of course teach the duty of giving the tenth.

We never have fairs or entertainments of any kind to raise money. There is neither warrant nor example in the Bible to justify resort to such means. RACHEL B. PADEN.

QUES.—How can we get the children to lead in prayer? ANS.—I think a good plan is to teach them the short prayers of the Bible:

"Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth. Keep the door of my lips." Ps. 141-3.

"Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." Ps. 51-10.

"Teach me to do Thy will, for Thou art my God." Ps. 143-10.

"God be merciful to me, a sinner." Luke 18-13.

There are numberless others. Dr. Pierson strongly urges even grown people to use the prayers of the Bible. RACHEL B. PADEN.

QUES.—What is to become of the boys as they grow older; are they simply to be dropped when too old for the children's divisions?

ANS.—We propose answering the above question Yankee fashion by asking a few, which we hope will enable all who are interested in its solution to answer it to their own hearts.

The constitution of the Junior Missionary society provides for the division of the society into classes, grading the members according to age and sex, from the Light Bearers division, (the children under 5 years of age) to the Honorary members, adult members not in active service. No limit to the age has ever been made, then why should the above question be asked?

If the advance division of girls (as in many of our congregations) is composed of girls from sixteen to twenty-two years of age, why not the boys?

If it is possible for one consecrated woman, known to the writer, to keep in active service a class of boys and girls, now men and women, for a period of more than twenty years, why not for others? If divisions of boys over ten or twelve years of age are not as numerous as divisions of girls of the same age, is it the boy's fault?

Can they not be interested, that interest main

tained and made permanent, so that the boys "older grown," shall refuse to be "dropped?"

In closing allow me to suggest that our Junior workers take this work of training the boys to the Lord in special and frequent prayer, asking that we may be given more power with them and that we shall be enabled to "work more nearly as we pray," and with the answer to our prayers will come the answer to our question. MARY M. HILL.

QUES.—In a society where the children are young and wholly untrained what should the officers do?

ANS.—Young and untrained is the condition of most Junior societies when first organized. Young is a relative term having a different meaning, in different places, as so much depends on the advantages secured and the natural ability of the child. Ordinarily it is not best to elect any child under ten years of age to an office, and if there are no members enrolled who have reached that age, then the first duty is to go out after them, as there are few neighborhoods which cannot provide the required number of children to properly equip a Junior society if the effort is made to interest them.

To train young and untrained officers, requires the "grace of continuance" and the spirit of patience. The greatest of care should be exercised, to conserve the energy and to guard against any ostentation, in the service of the children. If the records of senior societies, in the future are to be an improvement on the methods, or no method at all, of many in the present day, constant supervision must be maintained by the superintendent; but instead many of us do the work required rather than train the officers to do it, so that many of them retire knowing little more of their duties than when they entered. Therefore in beginning to train, tell the child very simply and plainly, what is to be done, and *how* he is to do it. As for example, in the office of president, teach how to select scripture lesson, and *how* to announce it, and *how* to read it. Show them the best selections of Bible songs, how to announce them.

Advise in the selection of some one to lead in the prayer service, and so on step by step until he is able to go alone. Never permit a president to take his place without careful preparation, or without a written program in his hand. Proceed in the same way with the duties pertaining to each office—"line upon line"—and the more careful the training the more enduring and encouraging will be the results. MARY M. HILL.

Miss Sarah Telford.

The Ladies' Missionary Society of East Greenwich, N. Y., would give this tribute of respect to the memory of Miss Sarah Telford, who was taken home August second, 1897.

For the first time our society mourns the loss of one of its members. She was one of our "faithful ones," and her place in the church, prayer-meeting, or missionary meeting, was never vacant unless prevented by some providence over which she had no control. Those who were acquainted with her knew by her daily life that she was one of God's children.

Our hearts are made sad by our loss, but we feel sure that for her "To live was Christ and to die great gain."

MISS MARY MCMORRIS, } Com.
MRS. H. E. BEATTIE. }

Mrs. Agnes Davis.

WHEREAS, The Women's Missionary Society of East Brook, Pa., has been again called to mourn the loss of one of its members, Mrs. Davis, who died, at her home May 19th in the 72nd year of her age.

Resolved, That we desire to bear testimony that Mrs. Davis was an honored, conscientious and faithful member of our society, one who was always interested in whatever pertained to the advancement of the Master's kingdom.

Resolved, That in the death of this mother in Israel we lose one whose Christian traits of character we hope to imitate, that we may be as well prepared as she for the summons to come up higher.

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family, and commend them to the Great Comforter.

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, they rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

MRS. MARGARET DAVIS, }
MRS. ALMA GILFILLAN, } Com.
MRS. SADIE PATTERSON. }

Mrs. Nannie Boling.

The W. M. S. of the First United Presbyterian Church, Kansas, City, Mo., offers this tribute of love to the memory of our Vice President, Mrs. Nannie Boling, who heard the Master's call "Come up higher," Aug. 2, 1897.

During long periods of weakness and suffering her cheerful, patient, Christ-like life endeared her to all, and was a constant and eloquent sermon. Her death is a sore bereavement, not only to her nearest and dearest, but to this society and church which she loved and in which she labored so well.

We extend our sincere sympathy to the sorrowing ones in the home and commend them to Him who has said "My grace is sufficient for thee."

Sensible of our great loss, we can yet rejoice that she has been taken from service and suffering here to the better land whose inhabitants shall not say "I am sick." COMMITTEE.

Mrs. S. M. Ralston.

The Ladies Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian church of Red Oak, Ia., desires to put upon record the following testimony with regard to Mrs. S. M. Ralston, who died July 17, 1897, after a short but painful illness.

In her removal the society loses a worthy member and the church a devoted Christian mother. She was interested in every part of the church's work, and was well acquainted with its history. Modest and retiring she preferred to let her life rather than her words tell for the cause which was dear to her heart. She had seen much trouble, and yet she was bright and cheerful and happy. She bore her last illness with Christian fortitude and calm resignation to the will of God; and thus has passed away another of those faithful servants of God to whom we are indebted for much that we enjoy in the church to-day, and whose example we do well to follow.

MRS. C. L. GRAHAM, }
MRS. F. M. MCLEAN, } Com.
MRS. J. V. PRINGLE. }

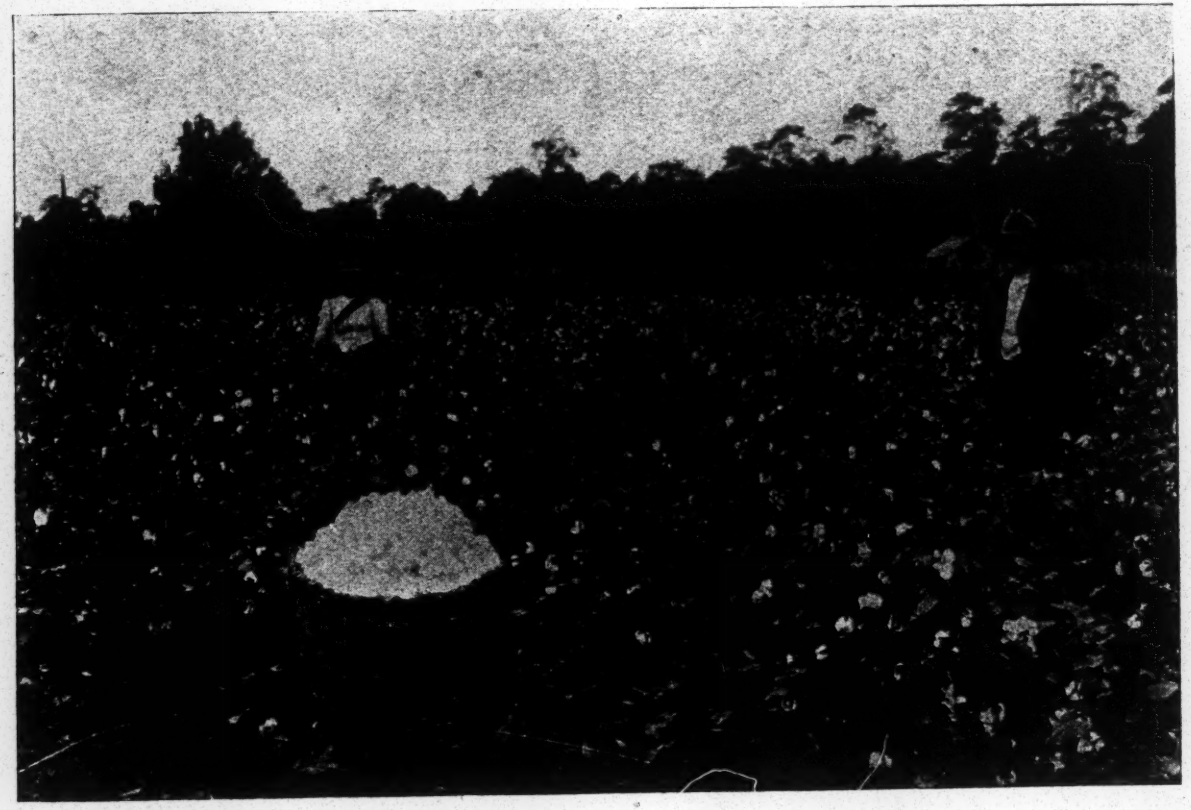
Mrs. Isabella Rainey.

A tribute of loving respect by the Women's Missionary Society of Marissa, Ill., to the memory of Mrs. Isabella Rainey, who was called from her earthly home with her daughter Mrs. Wm. Little, on Wednesday June 30, 1897, to rest and reward.

Grandmother Rainey was a good woman, a consistent Christian, and a devoted worker in the cause of Christ. In her departure her pastor lost a helper; the Sabbath-school a faithful student of the word of God; the missionary society a praying and paying member, and all have lost a helper and sympathizing friend in the hour of sorrow and bereavement.

To the bereaved ones we extend Christ-like sympathy, and will ever cherish with sweetest memory the life of our departed sister.

MRS. MEEK, }
MRS. NAIRN, }
MRS. MCBRIDE, } Com.
MISS BURNETT. }



IN THE SOUTHLAND—COTTON FIELD.